

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says perhaps the truth is that Shakespeare wrote some of his plays and Bacon some; and it never did seem to her as if the same man could have written The Merchant of Venice and Paradise Lost, for instance.

CANNING CROPS INCREASE  
IN NEW ENGLAND

More sweet corn and tomatoes are being grown in New England for canning purposes than ever before, according to the government crop reports for 1915, which show the acreage increases ranging from two and four tenths in Maine to over ten per cent in Vermont over the preceding year. With favorable market conditions for the coming season, an increase in acreage and in yield per acre is expected. Higher prices for sweet corn and tomatoes make more profitable the use of fertilizers and manures to secure early maturity and high quality products which command the highest prices. Maine is the leading state in the production of sweet corn, with a total of 13,745 acres last year.

GRADUATION BASKETS  
AND BOUQUETS.  
JOHN RECK & SON.Easy & Practical  
Home Dress Making  
Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper  
By Pictorial Review



## Charming Little Bolero Frock



A niceable little frock of all-over embroidery with a bolero that may be opened either in the back or front. The design is suitable to development in other materials.

A wide range of materials is used in the development of children's frocks, but nothing exceeds in daintiness all-over embroidery if it is of good pattern. The machine embroideries come in alluring designs and are well within the average income. This little frock is made with a bolero.

Pictorial Review Dress  
15 cents.

Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

## HEART TOPICS

Copyrighted, 1915, McClure Newspaper Syndicate

DOES HUBBY PLAY  
WHEN WIFE'S AWAY?

"I have heard—or dreamt it, may be—What love is when true. How to test it and how to try it Is the gift of few. Having seen what looked most real Crumble into dust, Now I choose that test and trial Shall precede my trust."

One always wonders how the very quiet husband, who has almost seemed to live by rule, will take to the notion of being left alone to take care of the house for the first time since he became a benedict while wife goes home on a visit to mother this summer.

If he has been drilled into the habit of coming home to dinner punctually, never daring to vary the hairbreadth of a minute, eat health foods which his better half insisted on serving whether he liked them or not, sleep in a bedroom with the window tightly closed to keep out the night air, never knew what it was to spend an evening away from the four walls of home, how will he manage? His wife is sure he will suffer from a breakdown and that she will be sent for in haste within a week. Her mother, who is older and wiser, assures her that she need not worry on that score, declaring she had just such fears over her first husband, but after experience with a second and third she had realized that worrying over a man was a waste of time.

Nine husbands out of ten rather enjoy the experience of being their own boss once in a while. They are like boys let loose for a holiday. It's an exhilaration to the husband who has never dared to say that his soul was his own to stay out as late as he pleases, wander into a lobster palace, eat a big steak smothered with onions, enjoy the forbidden fruit of a shortcake, ice cream and all the fixings, muttering: "Indigestion be hanged! What's life to a man who has to live and eat by rule, and a woman's unyielding ruling at that?"

He can sit at table as long as he chooses, listening to the music, watching the lights, and admiring the lites, bewitching cabaret girls or drop in to see the movies or join a score of summer widowers who are bent upon doing the town. He can have his fill at a clam bake or watermelon feast, go to a yacht race, or ball game, or a boxing bout. He is for all the good times that are to be had in the old, hot town.

Lonesome! Not a bit of it! Wife may not go away soon and he is bound to make the most of her vacation—and his. Like the country boy who has been to a circus, he has something to dream pleasant dreams over and to think about for many, a long day afterward.

Of course he has to write daily letters to wife, but they have been shorter and shorter, all voicing the same earnest wish that she will not cut her summer outing short on his account, but remain as long as she can, adding that the city's sizzling heat may not suit her, that he is possibly stay away; that he's dragging through it as best he can, as a good husband should. He always puts a postscript to his note—"Don't come back until I send for you, dear!"

The frost would be on the pumpkin

if wife waited for tidings from him

urging her return home. That's what

her mother thinks, but she is too wise

to give voice to her opinion.

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libbey's answers to your letters. Correct name and address must be given to insure attention. Initials printed. Write short letters on one side of paper only. Use ink. Personal letters cannot be answered. Address Miss Laura Jean Libbey, No. 946 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## SHE DON'T UNDERSTAND.

A. G. P. writes: "I am a girl of 14 years and need your help. Mother wants me to marry a man nearly nine years my senior. Tells me his salary is one hundred a month, if it continues. Seems to love me dearly. He does him. So jealous he is don't want me to speak to my friends. If so, he threatens to quit. First I knew he imbibed much. I frowned. He threatened. He reformed since except once in a great while. If he pops the question am I to consider it wise to wed, and reform him after?"

It cannot be considered wise to risk marriage with one who drinks once in a while. Reform might take place. Once the dreadful habit is formed it is a great risk to think of wedding and after reforming a man. Love conquers this sometimes.

LOVE SELDOM  
CONQUERS BAD HABITS

E. T. writes: "I am 19, stout, yet good looking. Two young gentlemen call regularly. Neither live in my home town. One is on railroad. I see him often. Professor to love me dearly. I do him. So jealous he is don't want me to speak to my friends. If so, he threatens to quit. First I knew he imbibed much. I frowned. He threatened. He reformed since except once in a great while. If he pops the question am I to consider it wise to wed, and reform him after?"

It cannot be considered wise to risk marriage with one who drinks once in a while. Reform might take place. Once the dreadful habit is formed it is a great risk to think of wedding and after reforming a man. Love conquers this sometimes.

## WASTE NO TIME ON HIM.

S. writes: "I am a girl of 20 whose only escort has been a man of 23. Seems he hardly cares as much as he might for me. How can he become interested in me? Some say he is married. Others refuse to believe he is. Say it's mischief-makers' rumor. Can you tell who I am to believe? I gave him my picture. He returned it. Think he has somebody else as his girl."

Picture returned shows he has no intention of caring for you. Why not try some worthy escort who will love you and propose wedlock? Do not waste time on this one.

THE VACATION GIRL  
DONS HER NEW SUIT

## OFF FOR THE HILLS

Nothing pans out better for traveling or cross country and mountain wear than navy serge. This suit is put up in it with a fine piping of white serge and white buttons to set it off. Strapped, a soldier's cap and stretched linen collar give the jaunty touch.

## HOLD PIANO RECITAL.

Pupils of Mrs. Florence Rahris Lyons assisted by Miss Jessie Murray, soprano, held their closing piano recital for the season in Colonial hall, Monday evening. The event was largely attended by parents, relatives and friends of the class. The numbers were well interpreted and appreciatively received. The technique and construction displayed was commendable and Mrs. Lyons was congratulated on having the most successful recital she has yet conducted. Miss Murray's songs were particularly well received.

WHY WOMEN  
WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they truthful?"

Why do women write such letters? In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and suffering. It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.

The  
Thirty-nine  
Steps

By  
JOHN BUCHAN  
Author of  
"Prester John"

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Company

(Continued.)

The three faces seemed to change before my eyes and, reveal their secrets. The young one was the murderer. Now I saw cruelty and ruthlessness



"He is gone. He has triumphed!"

where before I had seen only good humor. His knife, I made certain, had skewered Scudder to the floor.

His kind had put the bullet in Karolides. The plump man's features seemed to dislump and form again as I looked at them. He hadn't a face, only a hundred masks that he could assume when he pleased. That chap must have been a superb actor. Perhaps he had been Lord Alcoa of the night before; perhaps not. It didn't matter. I wondered if he was the fellow who had first tracked Scudder and left his card on him. Scudder had said he lapsed, and I could imagine how the adoption of a lisp might aid terror. But the old man was the pick of the lot.

He was sheer brain, icy, cool, calculating, as ruthless as a steam hammer. Now that my eyes were opened I wondered where I had seen the benevolence. His jaw was like chilled steel, and his eyes had the inhuman illuminosity of a bird's.

I went on playing, and every second a greater hate welled up in my heart. It almost choked me, and I couldn't answer when my partner spoke. Only a little longer could I endure their company.

"Whew, Bob, look at the time!" said the old man. "You'd better think about catching your train. Bob's got to go to town tonight," he added, turning to me. The voice rang as false as hell.

I looked at the clock, and it was nearly half past 10.

"I am afraid you must put off your journey," I said.

"Oh, d—!" said the young man. "I thought you had dropped that rot. I've simply got to go. You can have my address, and I'll give any security you like."

"No," I said; "you must stay." At that I think they must have realized that the game was desperate. Their only chance had been to convince me that I was playing the fool and that had failed. But the old man spoke again.

"I'll go bail for my nephew. That ought to content you, Mr. Hannay." Was it fancy, or did I detect some halt in the smoothness of that voice?

There must have been, for as I glanced at him his eyelids fell in that hawk-like hood which fear had stamped on my memory. I blew my whistle.

In an instant the lights were out. A pair of strong arms gripped me around the waist, covering the pockets in which a man might be expected to carry a pistol.

"Schnell, Franz!" cried a voice. "Schnell!" As it spoke I heard two of my fellows emerge on the moonlit lawn.

The young, dark man leaped for the window, was through it and over the low fence before a hand could touch him. I grappled the old chap, and the room seemed to fill with figures.

I saw the plump one collapsed, but my eyes were all for the out of doors, where Franz sped on over the road to the called entrance to the beach stairs. One man followed him, but he had no chance.

The gate locked behind the fugitive, and I stood staring with my hands on the old boy's throat for such a time as a man might take to descend these steps to the sea.

Suddenly my prisoner broke from me and flung himself on the wall. There was a click as if a lever had been pulled. Then came a low rumbling far,

## NO ALUM—NO PHOSPHATE

in ROYAL  
BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar

Absolutely Pure

far below the ground, and through the window I saw a cloud of chalky dust pouring out of the shaft of the stairway.

Some one switched on the light.

The old man was looking at me with blazing eyes.

"He is safe!" he cried. "You cannot follow in time. He is gone. He has triumphed! Es lebe hoch der Schwarze Stein!"

There was more in those eyes than any common triumph. They had been hooded like a bird of prey, and now they flamed with a hawk's pride.

A white, fan-like heat burned in them, and I realized for the first time the terrible thing I had been put up against. This man was more than a spy; in his foul way he had been a patriot.

As the handcuffs clinked on his wrists I said my last word to him: "I hope Franz will bear his triumph well. I ought to tell you that the Ariadne for the last hour has been in our hands."

Three weeks later, as all the world knows, we went to war. I joined the new army the first week and, owing to my Matabel experience, got a captain's commission straight off. But I had done my best service, I think, before I put on khaki.

THE END.

## TODAY'S POEM

## BIRD LORE.

## Veery

Like secret, unknown bells in temples strange,  
Half whispering, and half ringing,  
Matchless the tones, rather than Philomel's  
One's with mystic charm,  
I hear the Veery singing.

## Hermit Thrush

Sweet woodland odors bless the air,  
As altar incense of the Night,  
The still lake dreams—its visions fair  
Day's afterglow, a bird's home flight

A spirit voice—the voice the Soul of Peace  
Sings through the leafy solitude,  
Beneath its wings care finds surcease,  
And sanctuary is the wood.

## Barn Swallow

Though bare the world of all save thee  
Thou flawless grace of wing and hue,  
The soul would find its Diety,  
Pure Beauty seek, and thou the clue.

## Migrant Warblers

It came, Love's army in the night,  
Still as the dark, that warm earth covers,  
And now, in flood of morning light,  
Behind a land possessed by lovers.

The captain calleth "Halt!" today  
They forage bush and treetop high,  
Tomorrow they will wing away  
At Love's commanding, "Homeward fly!"

Ah, ye little painted joys, fit are ye  
For little toys,  
Would all armies of the world were  
Led as thine!

Ruey Bartlett Stevens in Boston Transcript.

LITTLE BENNY'S  
NOTEBOOK

(By Lee Pope)

Pop was in the setting room smocking and thinking at the same time, and I was on the floor sipping to be doing my lessons, and I sed, Pop.

Hark, the mocking bird, sed pop. Do you think you could fix my dol watch, Sed.

Has it bin complaining, sed pop. Its stopped and wont go again, I sed.

If you mere sed, Its stopped, it wood be better xample or concise English, sed pop.

Do you think you can fix it, I sed. Well, I don't like to brag, sed pop, but wen the bathroom spilkot refused to stop running last week, I fixed that, and if I can fix a thing that refuses to stop running, wy cant I fix a thing that refuses to run, as the fillosofer sed, wat man has done, man can undo.

Well do you want to try, I sed. Ware is it, sed pop.

Heer, I sed, And I pulled a watch case and a watch cristal and a hole bunch of wheels and things out of my coat pocket.

Chace and pandemonium, wat do you call that, sed pop.

Thats my dollar watch, I sed. And do you axully expect me to do anything with that aggeration of junk, sed pop.

Wy, thares only 37 peeces, I sed.

Only a meer matter of 377 sed pop, and I sed, Yes sir, I tried to fix it

myself.  
"O, I thawt for a moment that you had bin angry at it, sed pop. And he started to smook and thing agen, and I counted the 37 peeces and found there was only 34 of them, and I put them back in my pocket and went on with my homework."

## CORNER FOR COOKS

## BEEFSTEAK OMELET

One and one-half pounds of hamburger steak, 2 eggs, 4 crackers, rolled fine, 2 small onions, 2 slices of fat salt pork, tablespoon of poultry dressing. Bake 2 hours in a slow oven.

Sauce—Melt 1 tablespoon of butter, blend with 1 tablespoon of flour, then add slowly 1 cup of scalded milk. Cook until smooth and thick, stir constantly, season with pepper, salt and tomato catsup (to taste). Stir in the beaten yolk of 1 egg. Remove once and pour over the loaf and serve.

## DUTCHESS PUDDING.

One cup of scalded milk, three-fourths of a cup of soft bread crumbs, 2 egg yolks, one-fourth of a cup of cocoa, one-half cup of sugar, 2 egg whites, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice. Blend the milk and bread in scalded milk until soft. Add coconut, sugar, cocoa, lemon juice and salt. Add yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, and cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve hot with chocolate or hard sauce.

## DROP BISCUITS

Mix two heaping cupfuls of baking powder with half cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt. Sift and rub in a large tablespoon of lard. Stir in enough milk to make a stiff batter and drop from the end of the spoon in a buttered pan about an inch and a half apart. Bake 10 minutes.

## STEWEED MUSHROOMS

Peel and rinse the mushrooms, and cut off the ends of the stalks. Stew them gently in water, stock or milk quite tender, adding pepper and salt to taste. Then thicken the gravy with a little flour, and let it cook well, stirring carefully. Before serving, stir in a little cream or butter.

## SALMON AND RICE

Form freshly boiled rice into flat cakes, brown slightly in butter on both sides and place on a warmed platter. Warm a can of salmon and dip over the rice. Over this pour a white sauce, into which has been added the whites of two hard boiled eggs cut in slices.

## CARAMEL PIE

The yolks of four eggs, four cupfuls of dark brown sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, one large tablespoon of butter, one large tablespoon of flour and one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the eggs and sugar well together, add the melted butter, puff paste until firm. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, spread over the tops of the pie and brown slightly. This makes two pies.

## BANANA TAPIOCA

Mix one-quarter cupful of instant tapioca with one-half cupful of sugar in a saucepan, then add one pint of boiling water and stir, and cook until the tapioca is clear. Remove from the fire and add the beaten whites of two eggs, the strained juice of two lemons and six mashed bananas. Serve very cool in dainty dishes.

FARM VALUES CLIMBING  
IN NEW ENGLAND

Farm values in New England during the past year have increased slightly more than 10 per cent, according to the census reports of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The present value of unimproved lands throughout the United States averages \$45 per acre, which is 15 more than one year ago, and \$9 more than four years ago. The increased value per acre in the past ten years over the entire country has been \$13, and in the past 20 years more than \$30 per acre.

According to the present gain, a New England farm valued at \$5,000 is earning \$500 in increased value annually. Through cover crops, livestock and the building up of the soil with fertilizers and manures great increases in value can be made on the average farm.

A detachment of 20 men from the Thirtieth Cavalry routed the largest surviving band of Villa followers in Chihuahua.

## ASK FOR AND GET

HORLICK'S  
THE ORIGINAL  
MALTED MILK

Cheap substitutes cost YOU more